

QuarterLife: Halfway to Destruction

by Trogdorbad

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Summary: This is a Half-Life fanfiction, in case you were confused. I've also translated it from Peter Chimaera's amazing writing style to a language we mere mortals can understand.

QuarterLife: Halfway to Destruction

Quarter-Life: Halfway to Destruction

Author's Note

A website, known as Uncyclopedia (an online encyclopedia, similar to Wikipedia), said that I was writing a story called Quarter-Life: Halfway to Destruction. I don't know where they got this silly idea, but I decided I would write it anyways.

Chapter One: What It Means

One day, Gordon Freeman was studying in his laboratory, when a fellow scientist and co-worker, named Jim, asked him, "Gordon Freeman, what are you working on?" Gordon replied, "I have discovered a brand new isotope, and it is so volatile that it has a quarter-life instead of a half-life. We must observe with much haste." Before they could begin, a headcrab leaped onto Jim's head! "Oh no!" exclaimed Gordon, "Where did that headcrab come from?" Gordon rushed to get his crowbar, but he discovered it was missing. Having no other choice, he borrowed a claymore sword from the Wall of Armaments. He swung at the headcrab with all his might, and killed it after just one blow. In his fury, though, Gordon had slice Jim's head. "Hey, watch where you swing next time!" said Jim. He added, "Just kidding, thanks for saving me!" They shared a boisterous laugh. Something was missing, though. "Wait a minute, where did the isotope go?" asked Jim. "It appears someone has stolen it!" answered Gordon.

Chapter Two: They Recover The Isotopeâ€|Or Do They?

Gordon and Jim arrived at the headquarters of the alien menace.

Suddenly, Father Grigori appeared, saying to them, "I have taken your precious isotope, and it will cause a meltdown!" Gordon was shocked. "No! That will destroy the entirety of Dallas!" The reason for this was because our story takes place in Dallas. In fact, it is a very nice place, and I even have a friend living there. Father Grigori chortled. "If you do not agree to my demands" he started to say. "Too late!" Father Grigori was right " the isotope had hit its quarter-life. Slowly but surely, the room they were in was vaporizing right before their eyes. "We must escape, and quickly!" yelled Gordon. It was too late for poor Jim, though " he had been blown to smithereens by the aliens.

### Chapter Three: Destruction Is Imminent!

Gordon quickly dialed the military on his cellular phone. "This is Gordon Freeman!" he said. "How can we contain the meltdown? Wait a minute"I have a plan!" Hanging up the phone, Gordon whipped out his Aperture Science Handheld Portal Device and created two Portals " one orange, one blue " and pushed the headquarters through them, causing the meltdown to occur harmlessly in the Atlantic Ocean. "Hooray!" exclaimed Gordon. "I succeeded, and have completed the mission!" A mysterious figure appeared behind Gordon. "Not so fast, Mr. Gordon!" it yelled.

What happens next? Why, that's up to you to decide! Use your imagination!

Thanks for reading! Please, by my book at [peterchimaera dot com](http://peterchimaera.com) " I am very poor, and it saddens me.

End  
file.